

The MESSENGER

of
OUR
LADY
of
AFRICA



Published by the White Sisters, Metuchen, N. J.

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER, 1943

VOL. 6

No. 5

CONGREGATION OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA (White Sisters)

ORIGIN AND AIM: The Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa was founded in 1869 by Cardinal Lavigerie, to rescue, moralize and regenerate the pagan and Mohammedan woman, and through her attain the family and society. Exclusively vowed to the Apostolate in Africa, the Sisters devote their lives to the natives in every work of mercy and charity . . . Catechetical, Medical, Educational.

GOVERNMENT AND APPROBATION: The Congregation is governed by a Superior General who depends directly on the Holy See. The Constitutions were definitely approved by decree the 14th of December 1909 and promulgated on the 3rd of January 1910.

SPIRIT: The Spirit of the Congregation is one of obedience, humility, simplicity, and zeal; and the life of the Sisters one of poverty, mortification and labor.

* * * *

The Congregation numbers over 1,500 Professed Sisters who are devoting their lives to the Natives in 120 Missions, that spread out through—

North Africa: Algeria, Tunisia, Atlas Mountains, Sahara.

West Africa: The Gold Coast, French West Africa.

East Africa: Kenya, Nyassaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, Rhodesia, Belgian Congo, Rwanda, Urundi.

* * * *

OUR AMERICAN HOME IS AT:

White Sisters Convent
319 Middlesex Avenue
Metuchen, New Jersey

THE MESSENGER OF

OUR LADY OF AFRICA

is edited and published bi-monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters), Metuchen, New Jersey. Annual subscription \$1.00. Entered as second class matter December 15, 1931, at the post office of Metuchen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over fifteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

TO AVOID THE MISSIONS UNNECESSARY EXPENSE,

kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

CONTENTS

	Page
IN TUNIS	42
LUCIA	44
WHITE SISTERS TUNISIAN FRONT	45
OUR BOYS	47
THIS IS MARY'S LAND	47
TAKING MEASURES	48
MEET	49

IN TUNIS

IF I ASKED a little boy of Tunis: "Where is your mother?" he will probably point indoors and say: "At home." But on enquiry after his father the reply would be: "Fel hanoot." (At the shop.)

Strictly speaking, the translation of the Arab word: "Hanoot" is "shop," but generally it means more than an ordinary shop—it means "the place where a man works." It includes anything from the shoemaker's booth, to the Arab lawyer's study, from the weaver's factory to the butcher's display stall, from the office of the leading citizen to the dark abode of the coal merchant. It is always "el hanoot."

After doing some early morning shopping, the women do not go out, the Tunisian Arab sets out for work clothed in his workday garb and his burnus (cloak) gracefully thrown over one shoulder.

What a contrast there is between a European town and an Arab town. On turning a corner, or crossing a square one is carried back through the ages, into an entirely strange civilization. Men of the same trade are grouped together and have no fear of competition. In fact some of the streets are named after the particular trades which are most in evidence there: "Street of the Dyers," where hanks of dyed artificial silk hang drying in the sun, and dazzle the eyes with an assortment of rainbow hues; "Street of the Tanners," whence rises a strong odor of beaten skins; "The Blacksmiths' Market," where one is assailed by the noise of busy hammers; — "The Book Mart," close to the Mosque where the students walk, their demeanor grave and serious; "The Perfume Market," which also bears a distinctly Arab stamp, despite the flash of electric lights. Venerable "Shiehs" sitting on their heels, await their clients behind the fragrant display.

The Arab shops are not yet subjected to the blatant schemes of decoration of our modern shops, and they are also free from their bustle. Everything is very simple and quiet and slow-moving. Here a weaver placidly plies his shuttle, whilst a child apprentice, squatting under the crude framework, does nothing all day long except work the pedals which certainly have not the speed of an electric

motor. In another corner, a couple of urchins separate the silk and wind the bobbins.

So it is all along the little street, whence emerge eventually the gaily colored silk handkerchiefs that are to become part of an Arab woman's dress.

Again the tailor's shop has its own particular stamp, — even if there is now a machine to give it a slightly European air, still hand-work is not dispensed with. The men's tunics are trimmed decoratively with one great length of thread, and the apprentice, a mere babe of six or eight years, sometimes crouched in the centre of the street, holds a long thread which he crosses and re-crosses with a regular movement of his little brown hands, while his master stitches it down onto the tussore or other fine materials. Each of these good little folk is most comical in appearance: so deadly serious is he, so motionless, so intent on his work hour after hour, keeping his eyes fixed on his master's fingers so as not to miss the rhythm.

One who does not group like the rest of them is the fritter-seller. Since every Tunisian, young and old, must have his warm "fetir" for breakfast, there is one of these fritter-stalls in every street. Each little shop is adorned with earthenware tiles. The owner perches, Arab fashion, above a pot of boiling oil into which he throws carefully measured circles of white dough, pinched between his fingers. As soon as they are puffed up and golden in color, the "fetirs" are strung onto a stiff reed and there and then held out to eagerly outstretched hands.

This custom of cooking while the prospective buyers look on, is very amusing and more than one tourist who had joined the throng out of sheer curiosity, has yielded to the temptation to treat himself to one of these delicious "fetirs."

The coal-merchant combines two trades, for he is also the greengrocer. It is an astonishing sight to see slices of pumpkin, shining tomatoes, fresh red and green pepper, peering against the black background. The vendor, smutty as all coal-dealers are, is not in the least disturbed by his blackness, but carries on unconcernedly with his little retail business. As a rule, the coal man is very well versed in current

(Please turn the page)

events of his neighborhood, and everyone goes to him for information.

Quite a character, and an important one too, is the barber. The front of his shop is adorned for some unknown reason, with pots of sweet-basil, trimmed into huge green balls which rejoice his customers by their appearance and their scent. The barber is something of a doctor too, and is quite clever with the cupping glass, lances abscesses WITH A RAZOR, and so on.

Then there are the more artistic occupations such as designing on brass, a work which requires much patience and concentration.

Materials for this work are simple enough: merely the object to be decorated, such as a tray, or a vase or a slender ewer, the inside of which is lined with a kind of lead-stone of tar. The craftsman, with a perseverance worthy of his forebears of the Middle Ages, chips away with his tiny hammer and chisel, and so slowly engraves the graceful arabesques which are the charm and originality of these expensive articles.

The leather-workers try to rival them in the originality of their designs, richness of coloring and glitter of gold and silver which makes the saddle makers' market one of the most fairy like spots in the town when the electric lights are on in the evening and show up all its marvels.

It is noticeable that the people of Tunis have a knack of setting out their goods to such an advantage that one is forced to stop and look even at the very smallest and humblest shop.

How many hours these peaceful folk

work, it is hard to say, but it is certain that his workshop frequently serves a man as meeting place for his friends, because it is not easy for him to arrange gatherings in the privacy of his own home, on account of the strict seclusion of Moslem women.

Putting aside his loom, needle, chisel or register, as the case may be, each man livens up the embers of his stove and blows them with his fan. Soon the odor of tea mingles with that of tobacco, whilst the air resounds with the hum of voices and the lengthy voluble politeness of Oriental greetings.

In Tunis, no distinction is made between the bureaucrat and the artisan. Manual work is no dishonor. I know two brothers; one is a financier, the other a joiner: both enjoy perfect social equality.

The Tunisian trades pass from generation to generation. Boys begin following their father to his "hanoot" very early in life and whenever they are free from school. At first it is a game; soon it becomes a study, and without realizing it they become regular apprentices in their father's trade. One could say of them as they said of Jesus so many years ago: "A carpenter, the son of a carpenter."

Their primitive occupations, the local industry, maintaining ancient customs despite the proximity of modern attractions, their peaceful way of living—all these, give to these little people a certain serious manner. Here, in the midst of honest hard work youth can grow up intelligent and alert, yet still preserving the traditional customs and manners of their ancestors, to enliven the peacefulness of their "hanoot."



Mother
Robert Marie
(from
Franklin, N. H.)
and a group of
children from the
Industrial School
on the terrace of
our Convent at
Tunis.

Lucia . . .

LUCIA is a dear old soul with a black wrinkled face, shining eyes and a mop of frizzy white hair. She has been such a long time here that none thinks of Tabora Mission without thinking of Lucia. She is very devoted and is a great help to the Sisters. One day Sister had had a very busy morning, the bell had already rung for the Sisters to go to the refectory and she was still busy distributing the children's food. Five minutes passed, ten minutes . . . Lucia was getting anxious, she ran to the Sister and said, "Go quickly! let me do this, the others (Sisters) will eat all the dinner and you will have nothing."

How all loved that dear simple soul, but at the same time how sorry we were too, for although Lucia went regularly to church, she never received the Sacraments . . . Why?

It happened a long time ago, more than fifteen years, a visitor came to the Mission and seeing Lucia wanted to take a photograph of her, she refused. The poor old soul had never seen a camera in her life and was afraid, but in spite of all, the photograph was taken. The result was drastic for Lucia, for from that day on, she never received Our Lord and never went to confession.

When questioned on the matter she answered, "Our Lord does not want me, I am only a dog, my soul has been shut up in that box and sent to Europe." No amount of reasoning could evade this idea from her mind. Everyone prayed hard . . . Lucia continued her work at the Mission just as devoted as ever, a cloud had come up in that bright sky, and so it went on for more than fifteen years.

Then Maundy Thursday 1941 arrived, as usual our girls and women went to Holy Mass including old Lucia, the bell rang inviting all to receive Our Lord, many many received Holy Communion, suddenly we saw Lucia at the communion rail, it was too late to stop her, she had already received Our Lord and was returning with a worried look on her face. After Mass, Sister went to her and found her full of grief. "Lucia tell me all about it, what has happened?" All poor Lucia could say was, "I have stolen Jesus, I have stolen Our Lord." At last after much coaxing she told

all. "Oh!" she said, "I thought it was Good Friday and that everyone was going to adore the Crucifix, I too wanted to kiss Our Lord, so I went with the rest, I did not realize it was Holy Communion until the Bishop said to me, 'Open your mouth,' I did not want to, but he said it again so I did, and now I have stolen Jesus."

Sister tried to comfort her and told her that Father could put things right, which he did that very day, Lucia went to confession and was so happy.

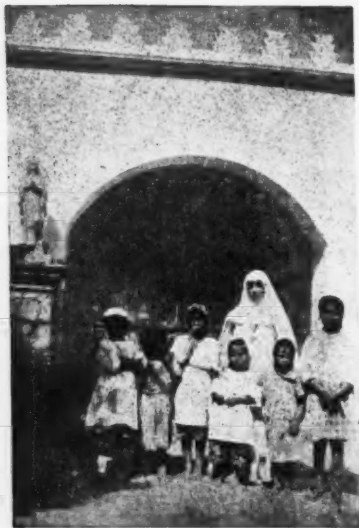
The cloud has lifted and the sky is once more the brightest blue you ever saw. Lucia is very old now but still sifts flour and fills our lamps. How we shall miss her when Our Lord says, "That is enough." and takes her to His Heavenly Home where I am sure she will continue to help us.

**Sr. M. John Fisher, W.S.,
Tabora, Tanganyika.**

Old woman — a devoted helper.



White Sisters Tunisia



Sister M. Colomba, presently at Metuchen, is seen with children from the Carthage Workroom (Tunisia). The Dispensary is seen in the background.

AT LAST NEWS from our Sisters and Missions has lifted up the veil of anxiety that enshrouded them since last November.

Fervent "Magnificats" and "Deo gratias" rise from our hearts to the Almighty for His loving and powerful protection of our Sisters, who remained throughout the battle at their mission convents, dotted here and there on the Tunisian Battlefield. All lives are safe, not even the slightest injury reported, though almost all the buildings have suffered considerable damage.

Bizerte, the Convent was occupied, becoming military headquarters. The Sisters were allowed to remain making their own community quarters in the basement. Every night for some months they received hospitality in the basement at the Convent of the Sisters of Nevers. During the last fortnight the cannons roared unceasingly night and day. Bombs fell all around. The Natives fled the town and the Sisters went out daily three and five miles to bring work to their children of the Workroom, and thus keep contact with the families.

Maison Lavigerie, **Carthage** from a boarding and day school for young Prin-

cesses of the Beylic Family became a Military Hospital. Our Sisters were asked to staff it, along with Red Cross Nurses. The Sisters immediately set themselves at studying the language of the soldiers. After Easter the Red Cross Nurses got their leave to return home and our Sisters remained alone at the Hospital.

One night a large bomb burst close-by. The Sisters who were all sleeping on the ground floor awoke in the midst of broken windows, glass and shutters—none of them suffered the slightest injury, though several of the wounded soldiers on the first floor received fresh injuries.

In the midst of all, our Sisters have kept the workroom functioning by opening temporary centers in the surrounding villages; the school was transferred to La Marsa.

Kairouan the convents of the White Sisters became centers of Refugees for women and children during the many severe bombardments of the city. There was much damage and many victims around our Sisters' Convents. Shrapnel made its way to the patio and a vacant room. The Superior writes: "We were miraculously protected." After the 6th of January, the school was closed, the Natives frightened had fled away.

La Marsa, two bombs fell on the house without injuring any of the ninety persons gathered there: Sisters, refugees, children, and workmen.

Thibar, from the White Fathers' Magazine, we learn that bombs fell all around the farm but no one was injured. However an English Officer was killed while handling an unexploded bomb.

Tunis, the Industrial School was transformed into a center of hospitality for the Refugees, by Mother Robert Marie from Franklin, N. H. Arabic Studies for our Sisters, interrupted in the beginning, were soon resumed.

At the **Red Cross Dispensary** the daily routine remained quite normal.

The battle is over, but there remains, and will stay for days to come, the danger of unexploded bombs and mines, left here and there in the ground. Already two young White Fathers have paid, with their lives, for having stumbled over such explosives buried in the soil of their summer house at Gamart in Tunisia.

Tunisian Front . . . At the time of the Allied Victory

May our prayers continue to obtain Divine Protection.

On June 2nd, Mother Louise Marie, General Counsellor, accompanied by our General Bursar, left Algiers, gratefully accepting two places in a plane, flying to Tunis, placed at their disposal by the government. They brought to our Sisters the comforting visit of a personal delegate from Reverend Mother General, and the devoted care of one who comes to value the damages to property with plans for reconstruction.

OTHER BITS

Algiers: — We have been pleased to give hospitality to four Franciscan Missionaries of Mary with fifty of their little orphans after the bombing of their house.

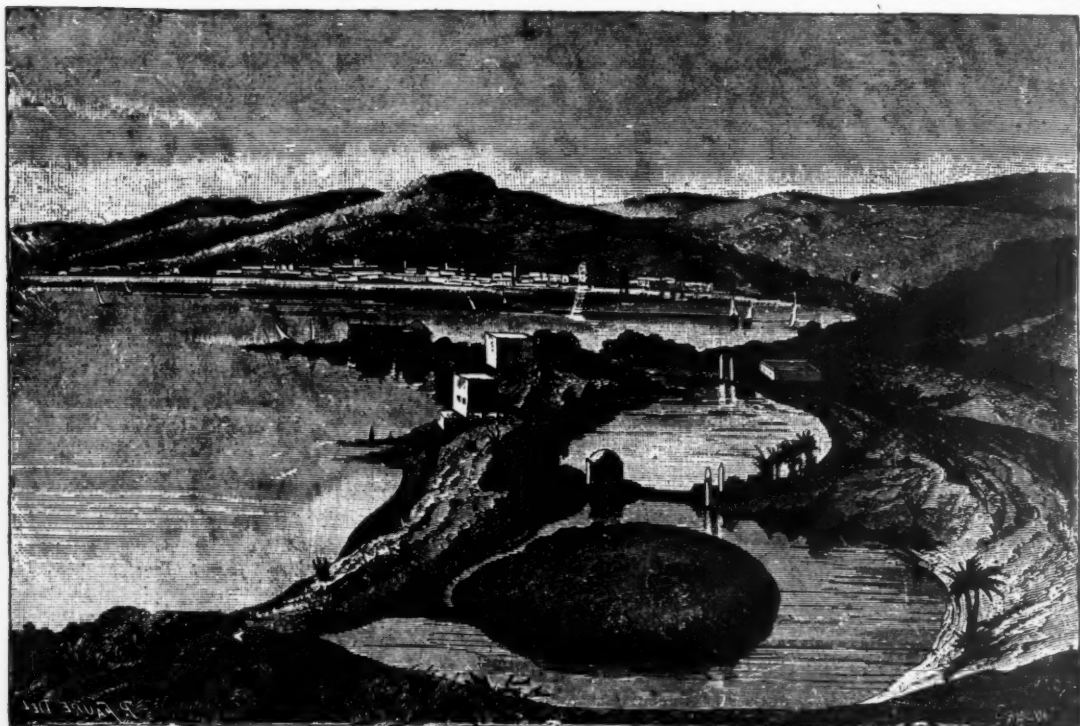
Our own orphans having been transferred more inland. Their quarters being still vacant, we gladly opened them for these little ones.

At the Motherhouse—the Sisters worked for eight days preparing Mass kits for our American Chaplains of North Africa.

Before Easter, the Sisters baked and packed 25,000 altar breads, in three days' time, for the Chief Chaplain of the American Army in North Africa.

Algiers: — On June 6th, another shower of bombs aimed at a Soldiers' Camp situated between our Mother House and the Sanatorium, a bomb falling in an open field made a large excavation, buildings were damaged but no lives lost.

The old port of Carthage, scene of many world's turning point battles.



Mrs. Lajoie,
Danielson, Conn.

"OUR BOYS"

White Sisters Convent,
Algiers.

Dear Madam,

Although I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with you I am glad to give you a bit of news about your own very dear son, Mr. R. Lajoie. His regiment has been camping over yonder a few yards distance from where we live, and we are in a village on the outskirts of the city. Our Mother-House is situated about a mile and a half from this place, and your son was camping midway of our two convents. We have had him up several times at both of our houses; he would have bought many more nice pieces of needle work, tea sets, kerchiefs, etc., but the Officers and so many other brave American Boys came over every week, and they would simply clear away the whole stock of lace as well as basket-work every time. Our pupils and workers at baskets could never manage to supply enough for the many weekly orders. It's just like Americans, we always put every one on the work to make use of God's creation. . . Well, thank God who has sent so many of them over to us, since their arrival last November we have proper bread . . . and what is a thousand times better, we have protection and freedom, at least freedom seems to be in store, if not completely obtained at once . . .

Now, dear Madam, about your dear son. He is a refined young man, and he has been faithful to his religious duties. He has never missed Mass on Sundays, and very often he has been over to our small parish church when not retained on military service. He gave me your address and those of his sisters, and I promised to have our "Messenger" sent to you and them from Metuchen, N. J. — it will be of interest to you as it is a bi-monthly review containing interesting facts about our African Missions.

I am so glad to tell you that Mr. R. is enjoying very good health, and he enjoyed his couple of weeks stay over here. I said to him one day: "You must have been La joie of the family," it made him smile, he asserted. And now, dear Madam, your joy has been ravished from you and your eyes have grown dim through tears of sad separation. Alas, dreadful consequence of this world-wide war. We must, all of us play our part and share in the Great Sacrifice of Calvary. However we must also trust that the mercy of God will soon avert the scourge and shower down upon our sad gloomy world the blessings of Peace and Freedom.

It's an old Irish-American Sister who is writing to you. I am from New York City — and instead of me going back to America, it's a good lot of America that has come to me . . . It's like a dream. Thanks be to God. It's the truth and reality. But I do hope our dear Boys will soon get back home after the battle is won. God spare and bless them all.

Wishing you and your daughters every blessing and the accomplishment of your dearest hopes — the return of your beloved son, I remain, dear Madam,

Yours devoted in Corde Jesu, Sister M. Xavierine.

P.S. Mr. Raymond is leaving this place tomorrow — of course no one knows where they are going to, not even what direction they will take. I may see him this evening if he is allowed to leave the camp. We shall join prayers — and please God in thanksgiving prayers later on . . .

THIS IS MARY'S LAND

(Story told by Yusufu Chitumpeeray of the
Chilibula Mission, N. W. Rhodesia)

We were in our fields, three hours' walk from the Mission, where we are several families living together. Yesterday morning, Maturino set off with his axe to chop some branches. He was scarcely a hundred paces from the house when he heard a lion's roar.

At once, he turned to come back, not only to reach shelter himself, but also to protect his wife and two children. However, the women had also heard the roar and shut themselves up altogether in the house. As for me, I reached the house at the same time as Maturino, and only a few steps in advance of the lion! I was afraid, but all at once I thought of our Blessed Lady.

"Inside!" shouted Maturino.

"Why go in?" I replied, "chalo cha Maria! (this is Mary's land!) What is this lion doing here?" As I said this, the beast was there, ten paces in front of us.

"Stay where you are!" I cried, "Chalo cha Maria!" The monster uttered stifled roaring in his throat as he watched us. "Do not come any nearer, this is Our Lady's land and we are Her children."

The lion was furious; he roared fiercely and his eyes flashed savagely; he made some amazing bounds as if to spring upon us, but each time he fell back to the same spot.

Each time I spoke to him, he uttered a muffled roar. At last, having turned two or three times on the spot, he went away.

Then we entered the hut, and found women and children more terrified than words can tell. We all said the Rosary together to thank Our Lady for her marvelous protection.

Taking Measures

ONE EVENING, just as I was closing the dispensary, I caught sight of a strange figure wandering in the banana plantation. Immediately I was on my guard, for I remembered hearing of mysterious creatures: witchdoctors, sorcerers and the like, who used to come prowling round the newly founded Mission. What had I come across? . . . I was not at all sure, but in hope of finding out, I decided to approach and view this unusual visitor at close quarters . . .

It turned out to be a poor old woman! If I were suspicious of her intentions, I think that the sentiment was mutual; still, we greeted one another politely and were soon talking like old friends. It was decided that Kalongen, such was her name, should pass the night at the Hospital, among our old women. For prudence sake I told the woman in charge to keep an eye on her, for the little bag hanging on her arm and the other dangling at her back, her long dishevelled hair, her native apparel consisting of straw skirt and cow-skins, — in short, her general appearance, was anything but reassuring.

Some days went by, my old lady consuming at her ease the bread of charity, not with the others, however, around the common dish. Oh no! She concealed herself carefully behind a screen, would not eat until she had gone through quite a ritual, and never before sunset. There was no doubt about it, I had taken in a sorceress!

Her name, "Kalongen," means: "I have measured." I wondered what she would measure here . . . God's power or the devil's? . . .

Scarcely a week had passed when one fine morning there arrived a caller laden with a bundle for Kalongen. He replied somewhat timorously to my questions, but gave me interesting lights on my protege. He told me that Kalongen was one of the oldest witches in these parts. Being driven away, she took refuge in his father's house, and they were able to live on the fat of the land thanks to her lucrative profession: meat, milk and butter were theirs in abundance. But, whether the opposition of the Europeans to sorcery was to blame, or whether Kalongen had lost her ascendancy over the spirits, the profits came to an end; high words followed. She cursed the house and had been turned out.

On leaving she had left behind her goods and chattels, which the father was anxious to get rid of, for fear they should bring bad luck. He had said to his son: "Clear all this out, and look for Kalongen; if you find her alive, give it all to the master of the house that has taken her in; if she is dead, leave it all on her grave, and then come back home, but not before." "Since Kalongen is with you," the young man went on, "I don't need to look any further. I am freed from her spirit for now it reposes on you." The words were hardly out of his lips before the speaker had taken flight, leaving at my feet all the wealth and the "spirit of Kalongen."

To tell the truth, I was not deeply impressed. I sent the bundle to my old friend who without comment, pushed it out of sight under her bed . . . No more was said, but, at least, we knew now with what an eminent personage we had to deal.

Kalongen condescended to prolong her stay with us and little by little, thanks to the happy influence of her environment, she became another person: the little bag on her back disappeared; the one on her arm was only worn on certain days, and finally vanished with the rest, under her bed. She listened, all ears, to the Catechism lessons for the old women, and Grace won its first victory the day when she consented to let us cut short her long hair, symbol of power over the spirits. Such dispositions deserved encouragement, so I took the opportunity to congratulate her on her progress: "I am glad to see that you are not the friend of the devil any more and that you are soon going to become a Child of God; then you will curse the things you used to bless and bless those you used to curse." At this, the wrinkled old face looked younger and, as a sign of respect, the venerable lady clasped my feet: "Yes, Mama, my mother, my king, my god, you are all that; you are my savior, for you have delivered me from the spirits and you will give me life; to you I give all I have of the devil and you will give me all you have of God." I had certainly not expected such a reply as that, but I was still more surprised to see the sorceress draw from their hiding places little bags and present them to me. Nothing was missing; there, before me lay all the accessories of witchcraft.

(Please turn the page)

Taking Measures

(Concluded)

Since that time, Kalongen deterred by no false modesty, attended the Catechism lessons and each time we met she would say with a look of reproach: "I have given you all my things of the devil, when will you give me the things of God?" meaning by that the Catechumen's medal . . . At last I gave it to her, for I could no longer resist so much good will.

The following week she caught the flu; she was too old, too worn out to pull through. Not a complaint, not a murmur passed her lips, only one great desire that she uttered over and over again: "What are you waiting for to make me God's child? . . . Perhaps you want me to die a pagan?" I reassured her and entrusted her to the Little Flower who, only half an hour after her Baptism, carried off to Heaven the shining, spotless soul of an old sorceress.

Kalongen had measured the infinite mercy of God.

Sister M. Augustina.

OBITUARY

Rev. F. Orieux, Waterville, Me.
Bro. Jos. Lordon, W.F., died on the Tunisian Front
Rev. Sister Rosalie, O.P., Caldwell, N. J.
Mr. Stanton, Elizabeth, N. J.
Mrs. S. McGlannon, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Clare Morrow, Newark, N. J.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Ransomed Pagan Babies

A Friend of St. Therese
M. Marq. Ross
Mrs. F. X. Bonner
Miss M. Tompkins
Miss C. McSweeney
Miss C. Ryan
Mrs. J. W. Cristman
M. Mary Petonac

To Keep a Sanctuary Lamp Burning

Miss T. G. Caufield
Mrs. B. Jakubowicz

Provided Bread for the Orphans

Miss M. M. Santeri

IMPORTANT

When you receive war censored mail please do not tear stamp from envelope but send whole envelope to us — it is more valuable thus.

Thank You for Past Help.

MEET

(More of our dear Mission Helpers)

FROM NEW YORK

Dear Sister,

If you can get money to Africa I know they need it.
Enclosed find check for twenty-five dollars.
May God bless you and your work.

Sincerely in Christ.

.....

FROM HONOLULU

Dear Mother Theodora,

We received your lovely "thank you letter" and the magazine describing the death of your Sisters. Thank you for both.

The Crusaders had a raffle a few weeks ago and the profits were overwhelming. Last week the Crusaders had their meeting during which they decided to send your Sisters twenty dollars.

Thank you Mother for your remembrance of us in your prayers. We do not forget you.

Sincerely yours in Christ.

.....

FROM ILLINOIS

Dear Sister,

I am enclosing \$5.00 for which please ransom a pagan baby. Will you kindly name it Mary Estelle? I want to present the "Baby" to my daughter Sister Estelle, who is making final profession this month.

If you have a little relic or something else, small, that I could give her as a gift on her big day, I would appreciate receiving it.

Thanking you, and at the same time wondering if you still send a little black doll with name attached as you did some years ago, to persons who ransom a pagan baby.

Sincerely, MRS. J. W. C

.....

FROM MICHIGAN

Dear Reverend Mother:

Little "David Joseph" who arrived at our school two weeks ago is doing great missionary work not only in grade 3, his destiny, where he has obtained enough to ransom his little sister for whom you, dear Mother, so kindly pleaded, but also several other little colored brothers and sisters as the following list will show. All our grades are very anxious to have you send us, please, a colored companion as a reminder for the special mission work of collecting "ransom pennies" throughout the year.

For Grade 1 — Mary Ann
" 3 — Mary Frances
(to be Little David Joseph's sister)
" 4 — Mary Josephine
" 5 — Mary Ann
" 5 — Joseph John
" 6 — Joseph Edward
" 7 — Mary Jeannette
" 8 — Joseph Edward

Dear Mother Loretta, kindly accept the check of \$40.00 from the grades named above and a special thank you for the letter to Grade 3 and the mission story you sent. Both will be a portion of our mission meeting activity next Friday.

P.S. The fourth grade almost missed the train. They, too, wish to ransom a heathen baby, John Joseph. This makes our check amount to \$45.00. It seems all grades are looking for a black doll.

WANTED

YOUNG LADIES who are generous enough to devote their whole life to the African Missions, in answer to the prayer Our Divine Lord bade His Apostles make: "*The harvest indeed is abundant, but the laborers are few. Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into his harvest.*" St. Luke X, 2. . . .

Also hearkening to our late Holy Father Pius XI prognostics for Africa: "*The sun shines successively on different parts of the earth. At present the Sun of Grace is shining on Africa. The times of Providence strike hourly. We must be on the alert so as to leave neither before nor after, but on the stroke sharp. And I, the Pope declare that Africa's hour has struck.*"

Although the strain of the war in Africa has not received wide publicity, the White Sisters, whose mission field is exclusively that continent, are greatly worried over the decrease of recruits from Europe as a result of the war.

If God in his mercy whispers to you His Divine Call, do not hesitate. God and souls are calling you.

For information write to:

Reverend Mother Superior
White Sisters Convent
Metuchen, New Jersey.

WILL

Our Legal Title Is

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA
METUCHEN, NEW JERSEY

Don't forget the missions in your WILL! You will never regret it, now or later. Why not include this clause?

"I hereby bequeath to the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa for use in their African Missions, the sum of Dollars."



The Port of Algiers saw the landing of thousands of our Boys. It is here they met Africa.

You cannot follow them there, — but meet Africa through the eyes of the missionaries.

Subscribe to "*The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa.*"

Messenger of Our Lady of Africa
Metuchen, New Jersey

1 yr. \$1.00
6 yrs. \$5.00

Dear Sister:

Enclosed please find \$..... for subscription to the "Messenger of Our Lady of Africa" for year(s).

Name

Address

Also I am enclosing the names of Friends interested in Africa

Name

Address

Name

Address

